Des. Alas! ſhee has no ſpeech.

Iag. I know too much:
I finde it, I; for when I ha liſt to ſleepe,
Mary, before your Ladiſhip I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iag. Come on, Come on, you are Pictures out adores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your houſwifery; and houſwiues in your beds.

O fie vpon thee ſlanderer.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turke*,
You riſe to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Em. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iag. No, let me not.

Desd. What wouldſt thou write of me,
If thou ſhouldſt praiſe me?

Iag. O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Desd. Come on, aſſay -- there's one gone to the Harbor?

Iag. I Madam.

Desd. I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe:
Come, how wouldſt thou praiſe me?

Iag. I am about it, but indeed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muſe labors,
And thus ſhe is deliuer'd:
If ſhe be faire and wiſe, faireneſſe and wit;
The one's for vſe, the other vſing it.

Desd. Well praiſde: how if ſhe be blacke and witty?

Iag. If ſhe be blacke, and therein haue a wit,
Shee'le finde a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe hit.

Desd. Worſe and worſe.

Em. How if faire and fooliſh?

Iag. She neuer yet was fooliſh, that was faire,

For euen her folly helpt her, to a haire.

Des. Theſe are old paradoxes, to make fooles laugh i'the Alehouſe,
What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her,
That's foule and fooliſh?

Iag. There's none ſo foule, and fooliſh thereunto,
But does foule prankes, which faire and wiſe ones doe.

Desd. O heauy ignorance, that praiſes the worſt beſt: but what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſeruing woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merrits, did iuſtly put on the vouch of very malice it ſelfe?

Iag. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure flye;
She that in wiſedome, neuer was ſo fraile,
To change the Godſhead for the Salmons taile.
She that could thinke, and ne're diſcloſe her minde,
She was a wight, if euer ſuch wight were.

Des. To doe what?

Iag. To ſuckle fooles, and chronicle ſmall Beere.

Des. O moſt lame and impotent concluſion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband;
How ſay you *Caſſio*, is he not a moſt prophane and liberall Counſellour?

Caſ. He ſpeakes home Madam, you may relliſh him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well ſed, whiſper: as little a webbe as this will enſnare as great a Flee as *Caſſio*. I ſmile vpon her, doe: I will catch you in your owne courteſies: you ſay true, tis ſo indeed. If ſuch trickes as theſe ſtrip you out of your Leiutenantry, it had beene better you had not riſt your three fingers ſo oft, which now againe, you are moſt apt to play the ſir in: good, well kiſt, an excellent courteſie; tis ſo indeed: yet againe, your fingers at your lips? Would they were Clifterpipes for your ſake. — The Moore, I know his Trumpet.

Trumpets within.

Enter